The language of tones belongs equally to all mankind, and that melody is the absolute language in which the musician speaks to every heart.—R. Wagner.

MUSIC IN THE HOME

Music cleanses the understanding, inspires it, and lifts it into a realm which it would not reach if it were left to itself.—Henry Ward Beecher.

GRAND MANNER IN MUSICIANS DISAPPEARING

Here lies one whose name is writ in ivory! might be the epigraph of every great pianist's life; and the ivory is about as perdurable stuff as the water in which is written the epitaph of John Keats, writes James Huneker in the New York Times, where, in reminiscent mood, he tells how the "grand manner" has vanished from pianists.

Despite cunning reproductive contrivances the executive musician has no more chance of lasting fame than the actor. The career of both is brief, but brilliant. Glory, then, is largely a question of memory, and when the contemporaries of a tonal artist pass away then he has no existence except in the biographical dictionaries. Creative, not interpretative, art endures. Better be "immortal" while you are alive, which wish may account for the number of young men who write their memoirs while their cheeks are still virginal of beards, while the pianist or violinist plays his autobiography, and this may be some compensation for the eternal injustice manifested in matters mundane.

Whosoever heard the lionlike velvet paws of Anton Rubinstein caress the keyboard shall never forget the music. He is the greatest pianist in my long and varied list. A mountain of fire blown skyward, when the elemental in his profoundly passionate temperament broke loose, he could roar betimes as gently as a dove. Yet, when I last heard him in Paris, the few remaining pupils of Chopin declared that he was brutal in his treatment of their master. He played Rubinstein, not Chopin, said Georges Mathias to me. Mathias knew for he had heard the divine Frederic play. Nevertheless, Rubinstein played Chopin, the greater and the miniature, as no one before or since.

To each generation its music-making. The "grand manner" in piano playing has almost vanished. A few artists still live who illustrate this manner; you may count them on the fingers of one hand. Rosenthal, d'Albert, Carreno, Friedheim—Reisenaur had the gift, too—how many others? And these artists are not now in their best estate. Paderewski emulates the big style, I am told, but this magician never boasted a fortissimo arrow in his quiver. He is said to pound times. I can't vouch for this, for I have not heard him play in this city for more than a dozen years.

But the grand manner, has it become too artificial, too much of the rhetorical? It has gone out of fashion with the eloquence of the old histrions, probably because of the rarity of its exponents; also because it no longer appeals to a matter-of-fact public. Liszt was the first. Liszt was a volcano; Thalberg—his one-time rival—possessed all the smooth and icy perfection of Nesselrode pudding.

Anton Rubinstein displayed the grand manner. Notwithstanding the gossip about his "false notes" (he wrote a Study on False Notes, as if in derision) he was, with Tausig and Liszt, a supreme stylist.

TEACH SOLDIERS SONG THEN THEY CAN FIGHT

Those much harassed gentlemen on whose shoulders rests the responsibility of transforming half a million civilians into American soldiers have an important phase of the undertaking called to their attention in a letter of Arthur Farwell to Maj. Gen. J. Franklin Bell.

Mr. Farwell found in his recent experience in the officers' training camp at Plattsburg that the men like to sing, that the greater number of them have good voices—but they do not sing. They content themselves with whistling the refrain of songs, because they do not know the words. This is the reason why the men now in training whistle on march much more frequently than they sing, they are not familiar with the words of songs whose swing and rhythm make them suitable for company singing.

Many army officers are inclined to minimize the importance of music in camp—particularly at this time when untrained men are being rushed through a bewildering mass of new work that they may take up new and grave responsibilities. They are inclined to grudge the time which the singing leader takes from other duties. But men like General Bell know differently. It is for these officers high up to see that the schedule in camps where the new draft army is trained is so arranged that it will provide time for company singing, and that the music in the camps is standardized so that companies reforming on the field of battle will have the same songs on their lips when "the order stirs the line" and the men go out to the grim work which is theirs to do.

Back of all the rules and routine of the highly specialized business of modern warfare remains still the individual. In its last analysis the army is not its equipment nor its guns nor its shrapnel—it is men. It is for this reason that the emotional and spiritual quality must be considered. The emotional appeal of song has carried, and will continue to carry, millions of men to great deeds of courage and self-sacrifice. The ranks of the fighting Irish go out with "Garryowen" on their lips; "Garryowen" is the rallying cry of the field when the Irish reassemble their shattered companies; no one may estimate what brave deeds have been done because "Garryowen" put new courage and determination in the heart of the singer.

MOZART SINGING HIS REQUIEM

(After a Painting by Thos. W. Shields.)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart came of a musical sire. He was first christened in January, 1756, by the name Johannes Chrysostomus Wolfgangus Theophilus Sigismundus. This pretentious array later melted down to Wolfgang Amade, which expresses "Love of God."

Young Mozart penned his first composition when he was four years of age. He proved to be the musical prodigy of his age. His performances on the organ and violin caused many to attribute his powers to witchcraft.

As a child he was emotional and affectionate, a trait that was emphasized as he grew older. After Marie Antoinette had implanted a kiss on his cheek, he threw his arms about her neck and exclaimed:

"You are nice; I will marry you!"

Later the "little magician," as he was called, experienced a shock when the haughty Madame de Pompadour refused to kiss him. He remarked "Why, the Empress kissed me!"

"The Magic Flute," written shortly before the composer's death, became the most successful of his operas. Mozart never received a farthing for it. During his brief career Mozart produced six hundred finished works and some two hundred fragments—five times as prolific as Beethoven, six times as prolific as Mendelssohn.

His death, on December 5, 1791, occurred while he was writing a requiem for an anonymous commissioner, who paid in advance, with the request that no effort be made to learn his identity. During the course of its preparation, Mozart repeatedly said that he believed it would prove his own requiem. The manner in which the commission was given him had a sinister effect upon his mind.

It has always been thought that Mozart died of poisoning. An unknown hand is said to have cast poison into his cup.

CONDEMNS SUFFRAGE PICKETS

Miss Mary O'Toole, newly elected president of the State Equal Suffrage Society of the District, today announced the policy of the society as squarely behind the Government in this crisis of the world war, and strongly condemned the action of the pickets who attempt to hinder the Administration.

JOHN M'CORMACK LED FIELD WITH $300,000 INCOME

There are no "lonesome tunes" in Ireland. At least, there are none since John McCormack took the little wild flowers of posey from the peat bogs where Tom Moore left them. The man from Athlone has gone singing to multitudes around the world. He is the first musician to surpass Caruso as a money getter here in America, the land of free-handed spending for old masters or live prima donnas, or whatever else it likes. Only the other day, says the New York Times, McCormack faced the greatest throng of his career out in San Francisco's 10,000-capacity municipal auditorium, that paid $13,258 to hear him.

The famous figure of $26,000 when Jenny Lind landed at Castle Garden was obtained by auction sale, and the Swedish nightingale's share of $10,000 went to New York charities. Patti was dumb without a $5,000 certified check. McCormack's starting fee is $3,000, where Caruso's, modestly stated, is "at least $2,500" in opera and much more outside.

McCormack's Income $300,000.

John McCormack sings more, earns, spends, and saves more, 'tis said, than any other captain, general, or feminine Jeanne d'Arc of musical industry today. His managers, who helped to build up his great following, naturally don't tell all they know. But his past season looks like $300,000 to shrewd observers on the outside.

The highest number of song records sold is also McCormack's. Caruso gets 15 per cent on some; that is, he has his 50 cents whether it's a $3 or $5 sale. The Italian is the "hare" and McCormack is the "tortoise," whose 10 per cent flat rate rolls up top figures at the finish of the race. His "Sunshine of Your Smile" in thirty days caught $120,000 ready cash, which meant for the singer $12,000 for one song in one month. "I Hear You Calling Me" was the biggest record seller in any country at any time; issued five years ago it is in as much demand now as the first season.

The Tenor's Youth.

Like his hero in Handel's newly discovered aid of the "Poor Irish Lad," McCormack started life without a fortune and has traveled far. There the resemblance stops. He does not "weep where nature smiles," nor do all his kinsfolk "lie beneath the sod." His Irish parents came from Sligo to Athlone in the valley of the Shannon, where the father worked in a woolen mill until the famous son took father and mother both to a fine place of their own at Greystones, in the suburbs of Dublin. He has two sisters married over there, another a nurse in the chief city, and the youngest in school yet.

MELBA SEEKS $250,000 FOR FIELD HOSPITAL

Indefatigable in her work for war charities, Nellie Melba—her father referred to her as Helen in his will—has been busying herself with the raising of sufficient funds to send a fully equipped field hospital to Russia as a gift from Australia. Realizing that it would cost between $200,000 and $250,000, she set to work with characteristic energy to detach her countrymen from their surplus hoard.

First the singer asked for a hundred donations of $250 each, she herself setting the example by giving that sum, while the well-known concert managers, the J. C. Williamson firm, quickly followed suit. Then she arranged a concert in Sydney, at which, in addition to a miscellaneous program, an act of Verdi's "Othello" and an act also of "Faust" were sung, the great diva appearing as Desdemona and Marguerite.

That Melba's father held her business ability in high respect would seem to be proved by the terms of his will, for of all the seven children who inherited equal shares of his estate—a little more than $200,000 each—the singer is the only one permitted to draw the whole of her share. The others may use only the income of their shares, and at their death it is to pass on to their children.